

MASTER OF
KUNG FU™

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THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU™

TM

2000 FEET ABOVE MODERN-DAY LONDON
SHANG-CHI DUELS A KILLER FROM THE PAST!

RAGE OF THE RED BARON!



"Call me Shang-Chi, as my **father** did, when he raised me and molded my mind and my body in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. I learned many things from my father. Since then, I have learned that my father is **Dr. Fu Manchu**, the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to **honor** him would bring nothing but **dishonor** to the spirit of my **name**.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

MASTER OF KUNG FU!™

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

THE SAGA OF--
WAR-YORE II

CALL
IT

THUNDER!

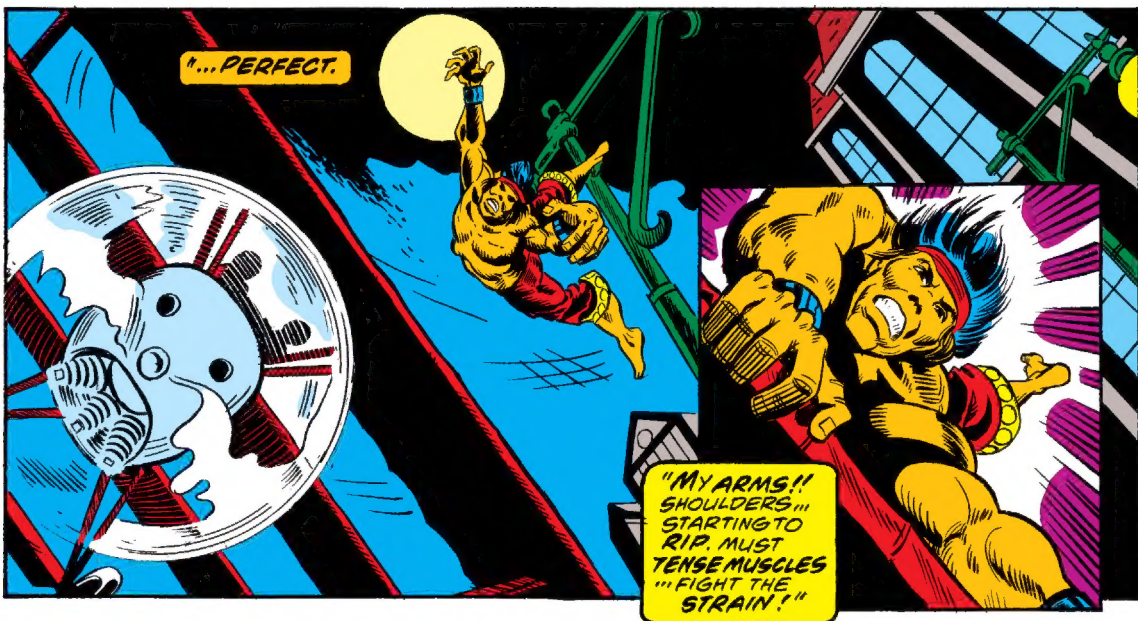
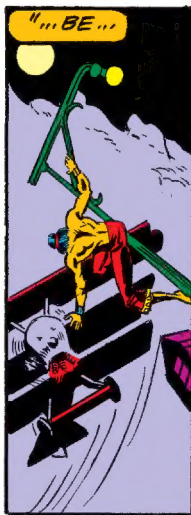
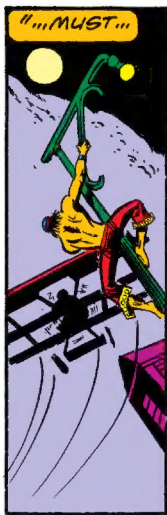
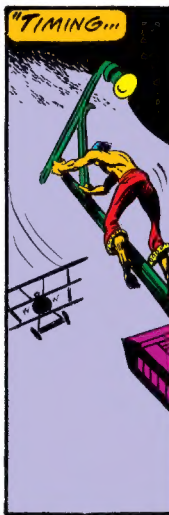
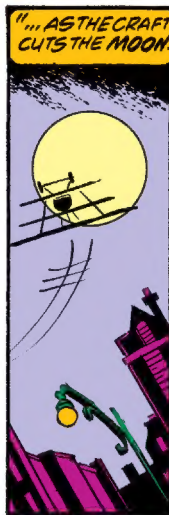
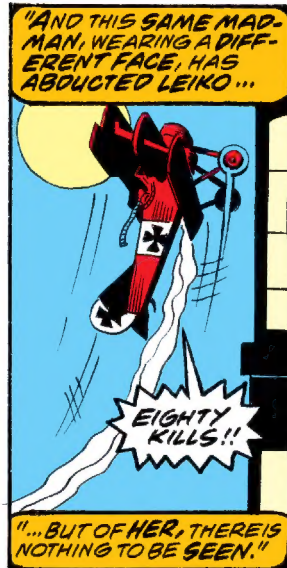
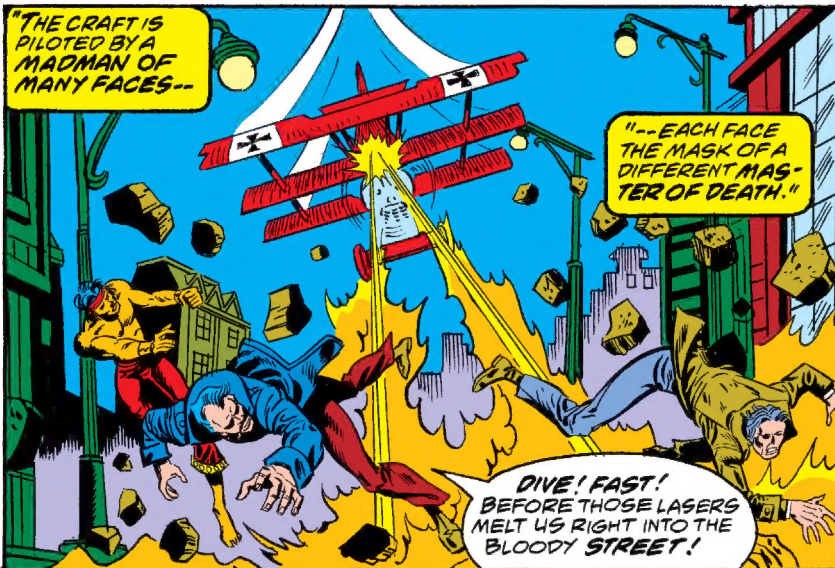
"A LONDON NIGHT
...UNLIKE OTHERS."

"ESCAPED FROM A
LOST TIME, AN ANCIENT
CRAFT ROARS FROM
THE SILVERED BLACKNESS
OF SKY, HURLING TWIN
SHAFTS OF LIGHT..."

LOOK OUT,
YOU TWO--CUZ
HERE HE COMES
AGAIN!!

DOUG MOENCH
WRITER
JIM CRAIG
ARTIST
JOHN TARTAG
INKER
DENISE WOHL
LETTERER
PHIL RACHE
COLORIST
A. GOODWIN
EDITOR

"...THE SAME
LIGHT WHICH HAS
SLICED TARR'S
VEHICLE IN HALF."





WHAT--?!
YOU?! UP
HERE?!

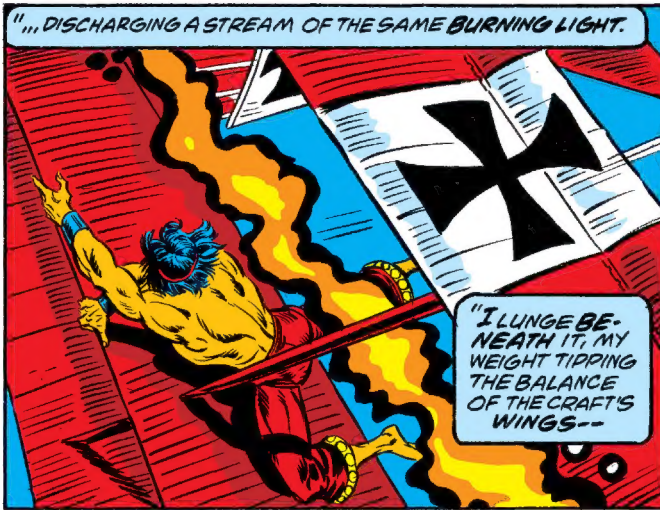


NO MATTER. MAN-
FRED FREIHERR
VON RICHTHOFEN
HAS CLAIMED EIGHTY
KILLS -- SEVENTY-
NINE BRITISH AND
ONE BELGIAN!



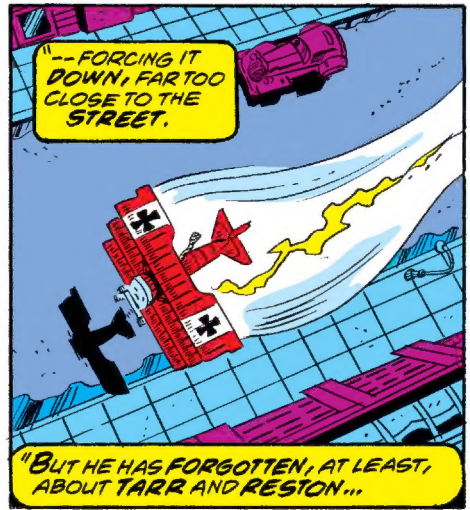
AND NOW, IN THE
NAME OF THE KAISER
AND GLORY, I SHALL
DOWN MY EIGHT-FIRST
KILL!

"HE DRAWS
A HAND WEA-
PON NOW..."



"...DISCHARGING A STREAM OF THE SAME BURNING LIGHT."

"I LUNGE BE-
NEATH IT, MY
WEIGHT TIPPING
THE BALANCE
OF THE CRAFT'S
WINGS--"



"--FORCING IT
DOWN, FARTOO
CLOSE TO THE
STREET."

"BUT HE HAS FORGOTTEN, AT LEAST,
ABOUT TARR AND RESTON..."



"...ALTHOUGH THE FACT HELPS
ME NOT AT ALL..."

NO!
WAIT!
RELEASE
ME!!

"I DRIVE THE
WEAPON
DOWNWARD--"



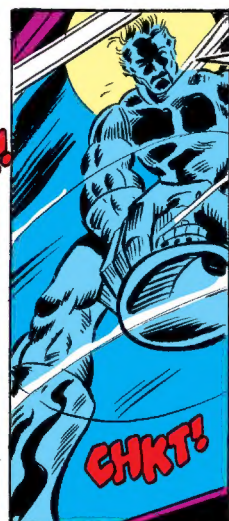
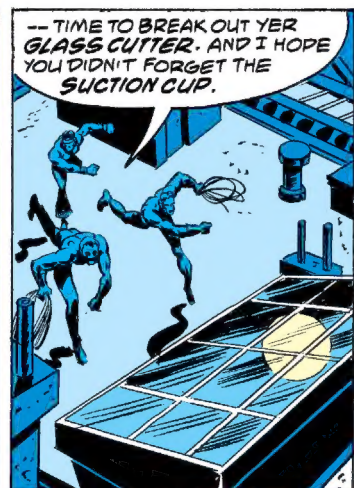
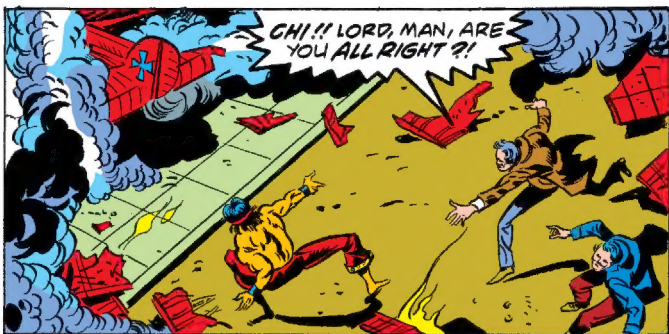
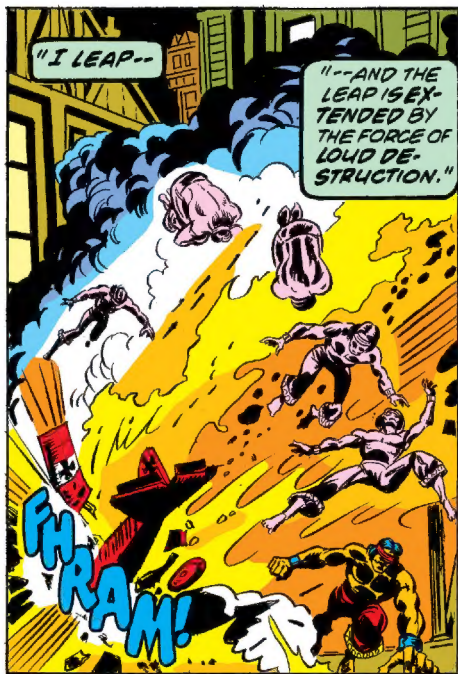
"--REFUSING TO ALLOW
THE DARKNESS ON MY
SKIN--"

"--TO BE PENE-
TRATED BY A
LIGHT SUCH AS
THIS."



NO! MY FOKKER

"THE TATTERED WING SOARS, SPIN-
NING AND WHEELING... THROUGH ITS
FINAL FLIGHT."





STORAGE AREA, MOSTLY, OR AT LEAST IT WAS WHEN I WAS UP HERE WITH MY FATHER-- ONCE-- ABOUT EIGHT YEARS BACK.

BUT COME ON--THE RECORD FILES ARE DOWN ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

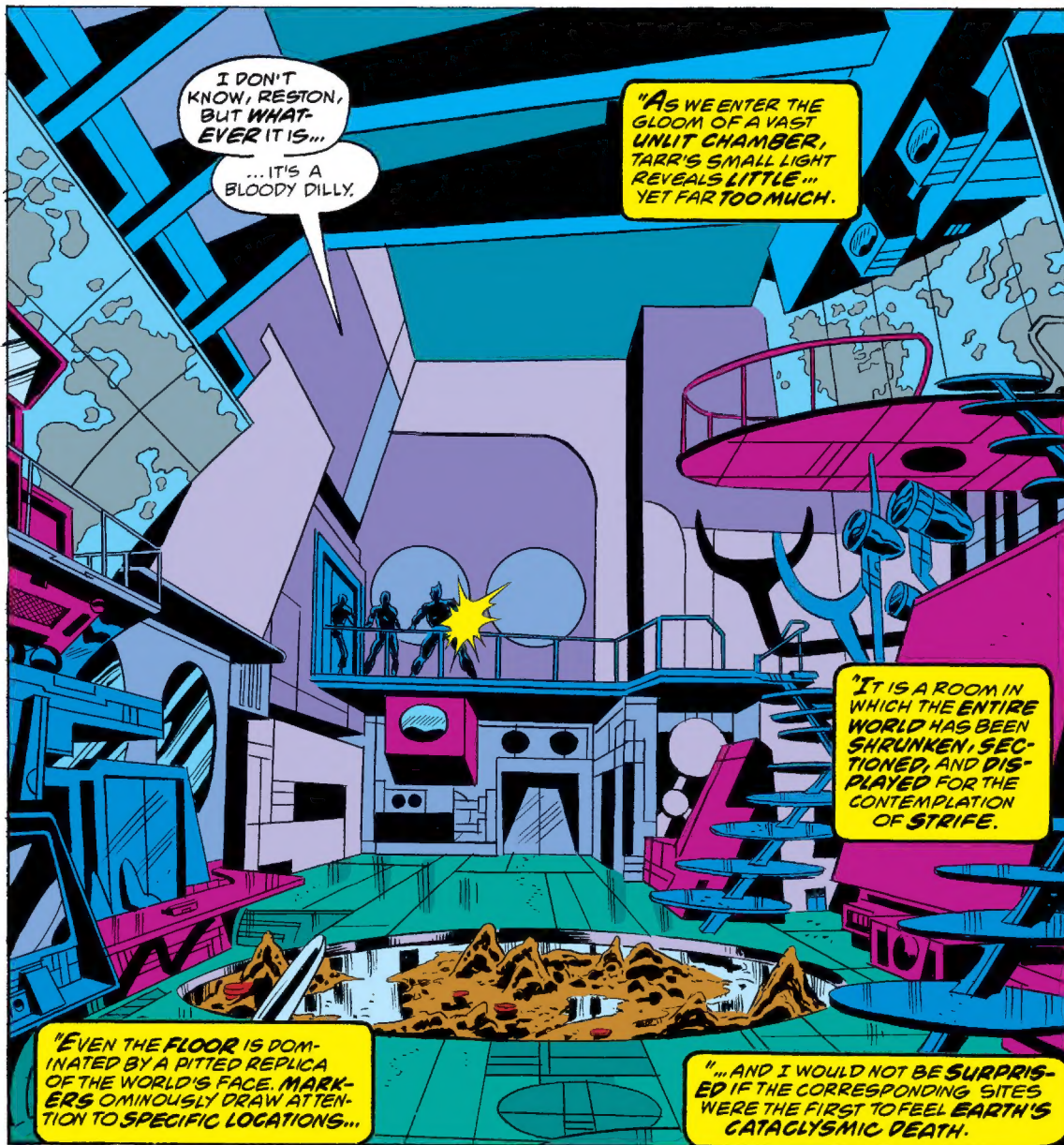


A MINUTE, RESTON. LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN HERE, JUST OUT OF CURIOSI--



-- HUP. WHAT THE--? WELL, I'LL BE THE BLASTED DEVIL'S HENCHMAN.

WHAT IS IT, TARR?



I DON'T KNOW, RESTON, BUT WHAT-EVER IT IS...

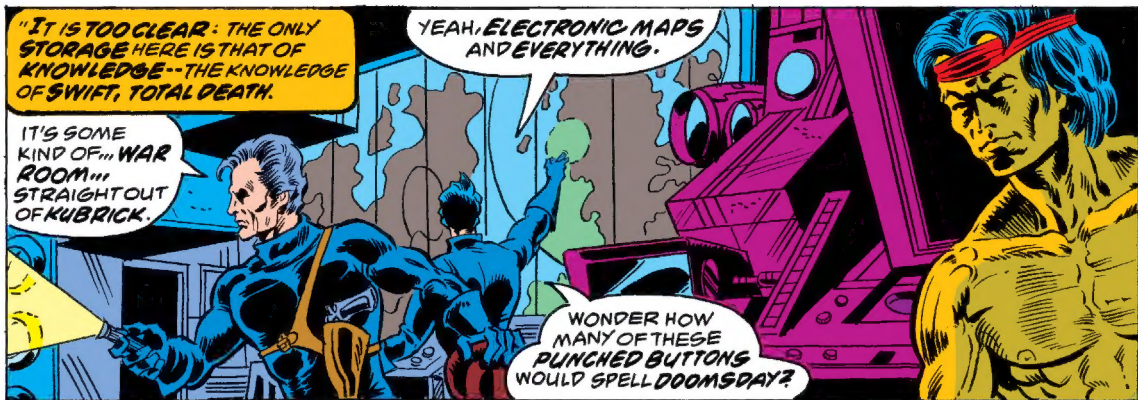
...IT'S A BLOODY DILLY.

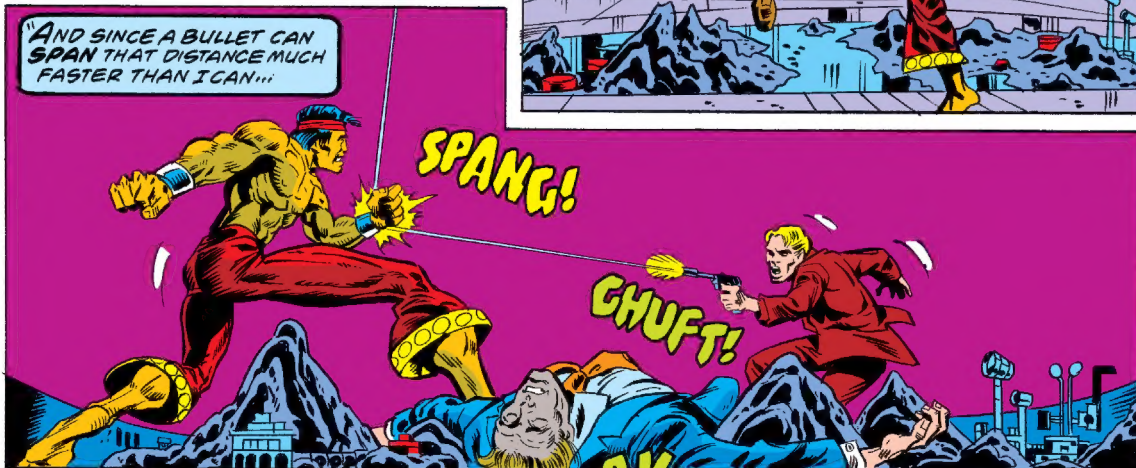
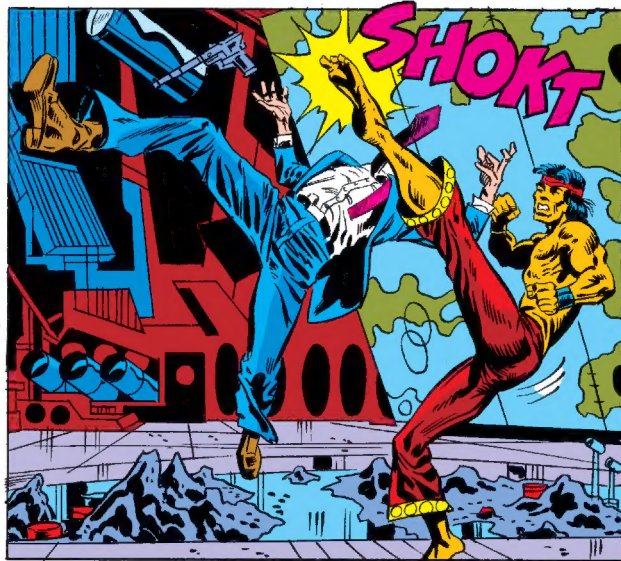
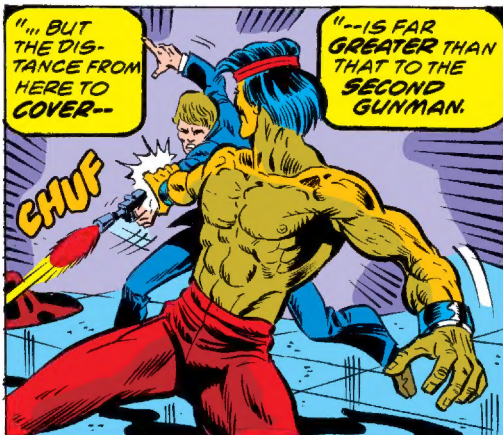
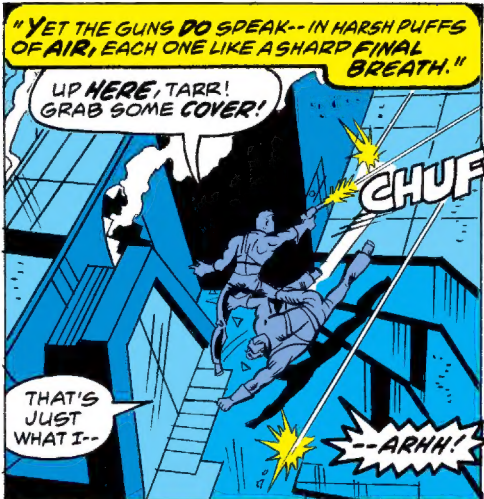
"AS WE ENTER THE GLOOM OF A VAST UNLIT CHAMBER, TARR'S SMALL LIGHT REVEALS LITTLE... YET FAR TOO MUCH.

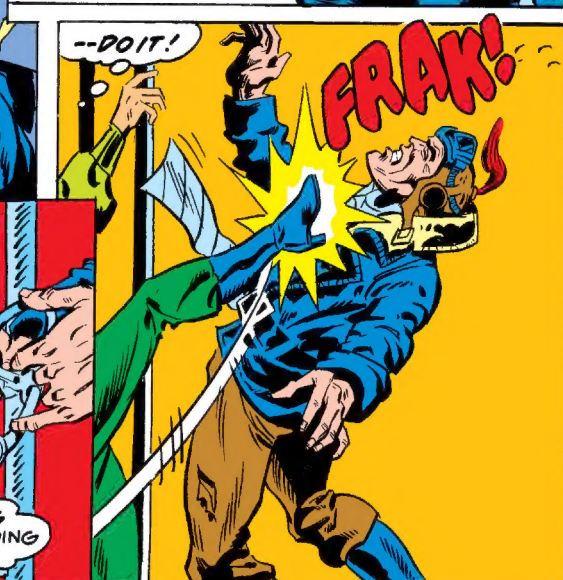
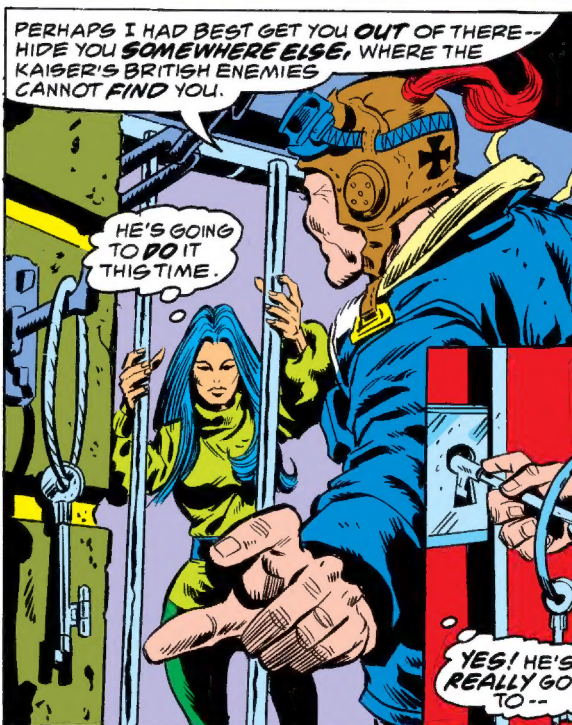
"IT IS A ROOM IN WHICH THE ENTIRE WORLD HAS BEEN SHRUNKEN, SECTIONED, AND DISPLAYED FOR THE CONTEMPLATION OF STRIFE.

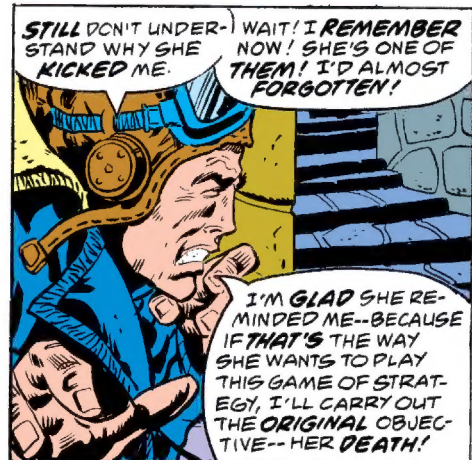
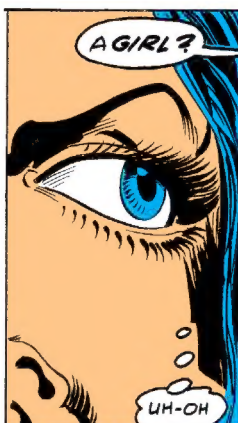
"EVEN THE FLOOR IS DOMINATED BY A PITTED REPLIC OF THE WORLD'S FACE. MARKERS OMINOUSLY DRAW ATTENTION TO SPECIFIC LOCATIONS...

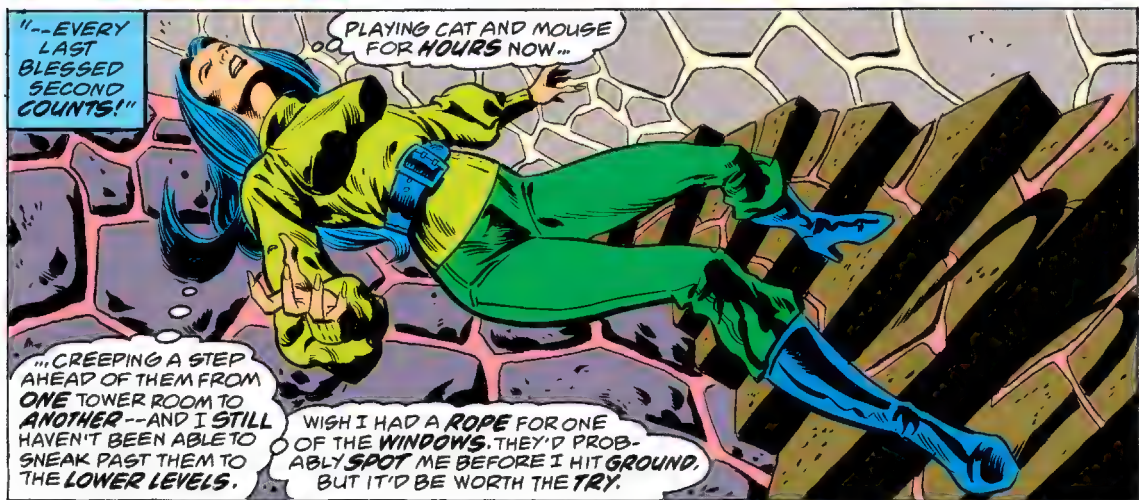
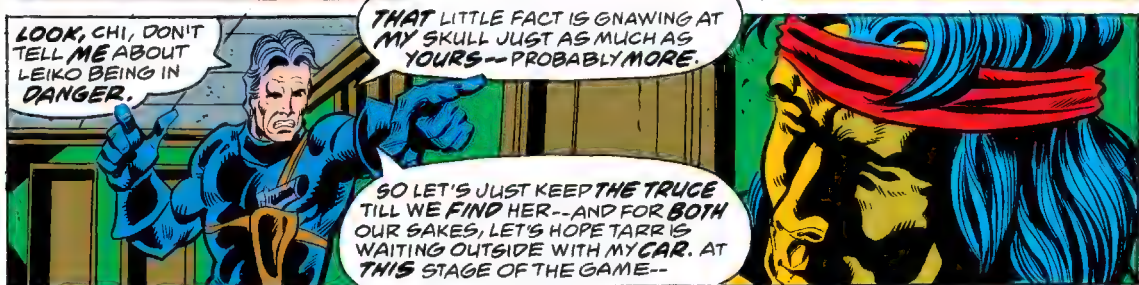
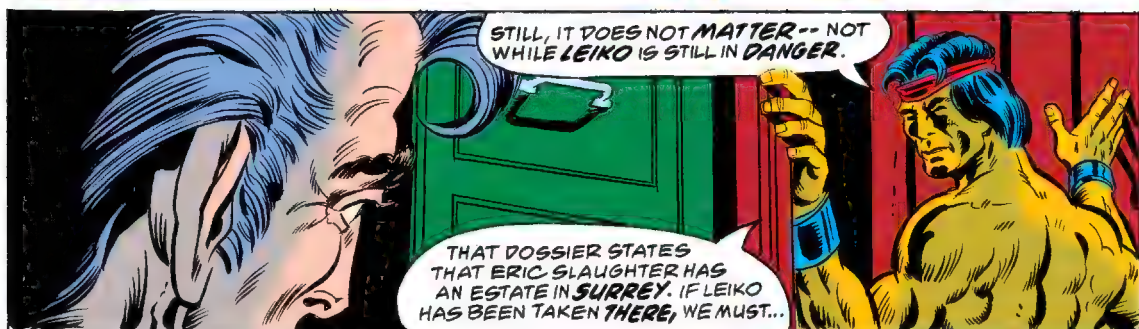
"...AND I WOULD NOT BE SURPRISED IF THE CORRESPONDING SITES WERE THE FIRST TO FEEL EARTH'S CATACLYSMIC DEATH.













"MAYBE IN THIS--"

SHE'D BETTER
BE UP HERE
SOMEWHERE--

WELL,
THEY'RE
STILL BE-
HIND ME.



-- BECAUSE IF
SHE *ISN'T*, THAT
MANIAC, WAR-
YORE, IS LIABLE
TO THROW AN-
OTHER FIT.

GREAT.
NOW I'M
STUCK IN A
TOWER
WITH ONLY
ONE
DOORWAY...



"...AND THEY'RE BLOCKING
THAT DOORWAY, COMING
CLOSER AND-- WOULDN'T
YOU KNOW IT-- STILL
CLOSER..."

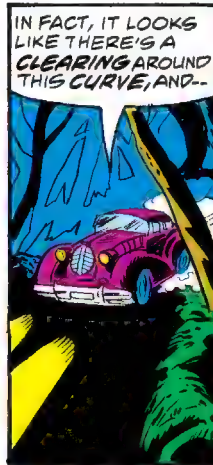
COME ON, LET'S
TRY THIS ONE--
MAYBE SHE'S IN
HERE.



"WE HAVE COVERED A GREAT DISTANCE..."

YOU SURE THAT DOSIER
SAID SURREY? CUZ IF IT DID,
IT OUGHTTA BE RIGHT AROUND
HERE-- AND I DON'T SEE
NOTHIN' BUT BLOODY
TREES.

WE'RE SURE, TARR.

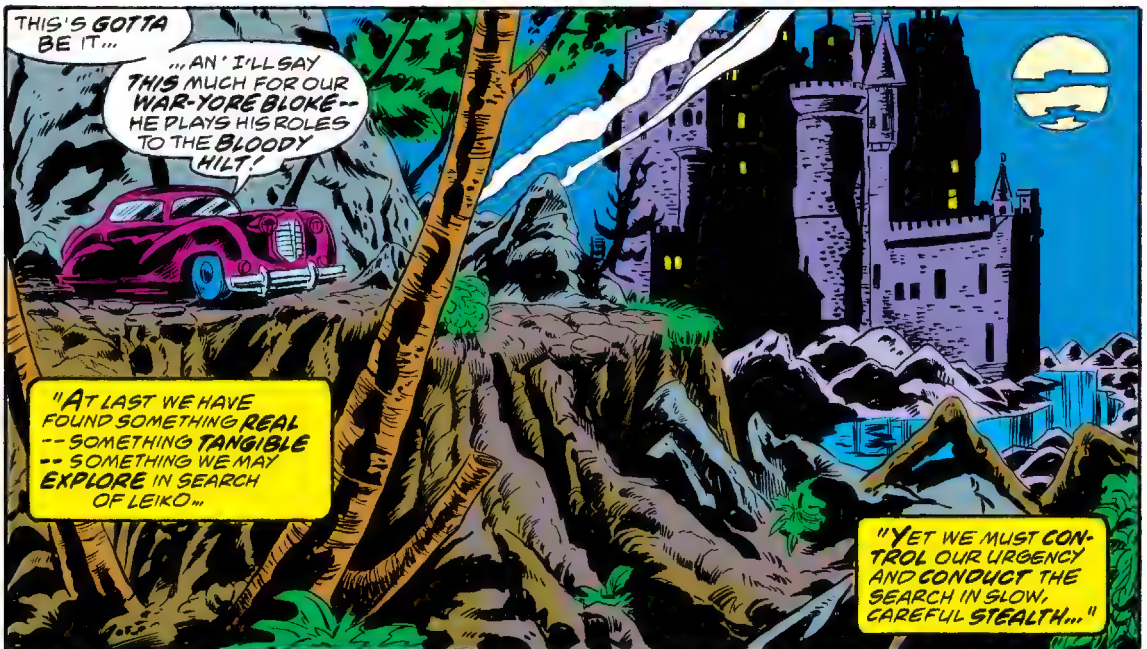


IN FACT, IT LOOKS
LIKE THERE'S A
CLEARING AROUND
THIS CURVE, AND--



YEAH,
RESTON... I
SEE WHAT
YOU MEAN...

LORD.

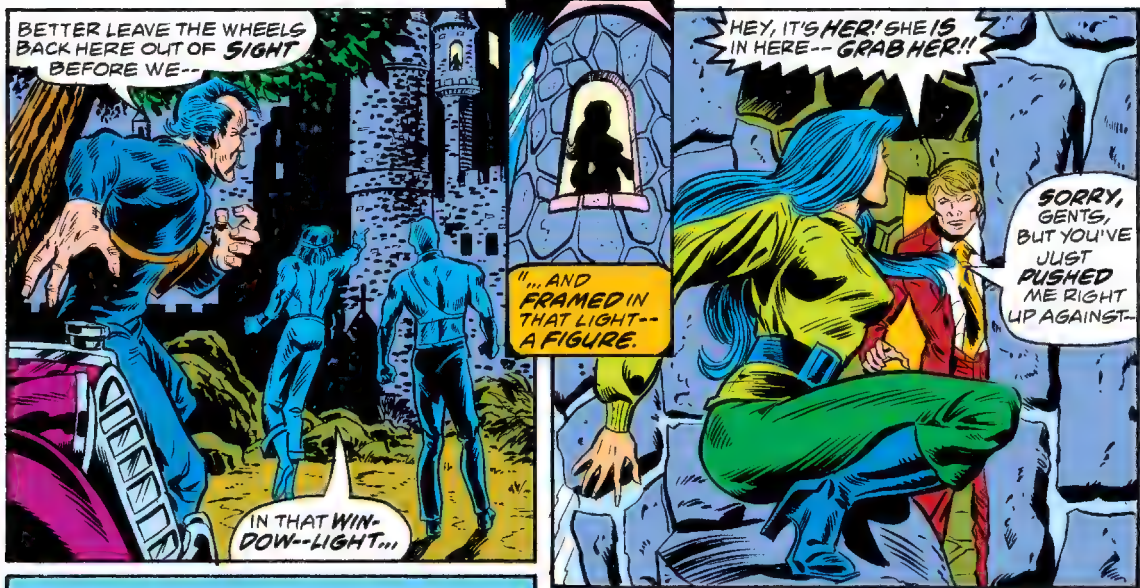


THIS'S GOTTA
BE IT...

"...AN' I'LL SAY
THIS MUCH FOR OUR
WAR-YORE BLOKE--
HE PLAYS HIS ROLES
TO THE BLOODY
HILT!"

"AT LAST WE HAVE
FOUND SOMETHING REAL
-- SOMETHING TANGIBLE
-- SOMETHING WE MAY
EXPLORE IN SEARCH
OF LEIKO..."

"YET WE MUST CON-
TROL OUR URGENCY
AND CONDUCT THE
SEARCH IN SLOW,
CAREFUL STEALTH..."



BETTER LEAVE THE WHEELS
BACK HERE OUT OF **SIGHT**
BEFORE WE--

IN THAT WIN-
DOW--LIGHT...

"...AND
FRAMED IN
THAT LIGHT--
A FIGURE.

HEY, IT'S **HER!** SHE IS
IN HERE-- **GRAB HER!!**

SORRY,
GENTS,
BUT YOU'VE
JUST
PUSHED
ME RIGHT
UP AGAINST--



--THE
POINT OF
NO RE-
TURN!

LEIKO!!
IT'S **LEIKO!**
NO, DARLIN'
--WE'RE
HERE!

DOWN HERE, LEIKO!

COME BACK
HERE, RESTON,
YOU BLOODY
STUPID--**ARRH!**

STINKIN'
BACK--
CAN'T
RUN, CHINA-
MAN.

IT'S UP TO YOU
TO STOP 'IM!



SOMEONE
ELSE DOWN
THERE--
RUSHING
THE PLACE!

CLIVE?
BUT WHAT--

NO...NOT
YOU
AGAIN.

YES,
FAIR
DAMSEL...



KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, DARLIN'--- I'M COMING!!

"AND NOW, IN BUT A FEW WILD MOMENTS OF FRENZY, ALL HOPE FOR STEALTH HAS BEEN SHATTERED..."

BRAM!



'TIS ME-- SAINT GEORGE-- SLAYER OF FEARSOME DRAGONS!

AND SLAYER, TOO, OF TRAITOROUS WENCHES... WHO BETRAY ME.



"...SHATTERED BY RESTON'S FAILURE TO CONTROL THOSE EMOTIONS SHARED BY BOTH OF US.

GET DOWN, RESTON, BEFORE YOU CAUSE YOUR OWN DEATH!

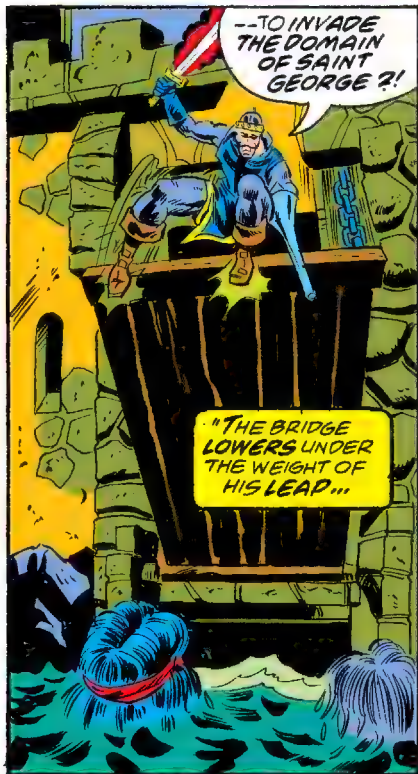
BRAM!

NO--LET GO OF ME!!



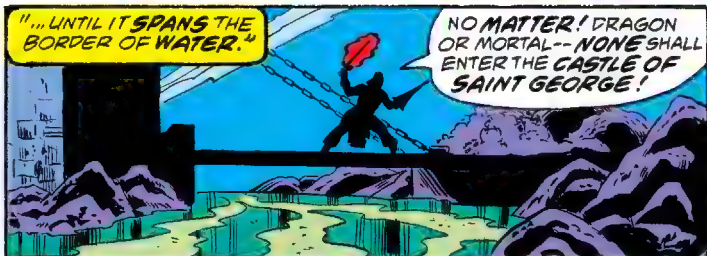
EH--? SOME VARLET ATTEMPTING TO CROSS THE MOAT--? TO BREACH THE RAMPARTS--?

PLASH!



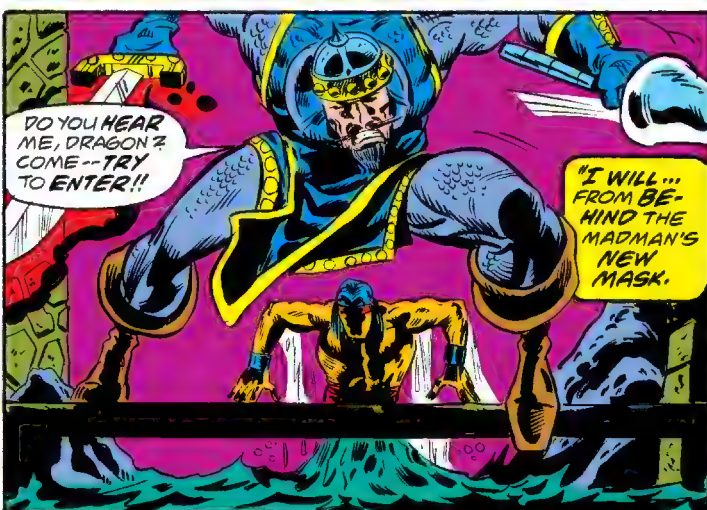
--TO INVADE THE DOMAIN OF SAINT GEORGE ?!

"THE BRIDGE LOWERS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HIS LEAP..."



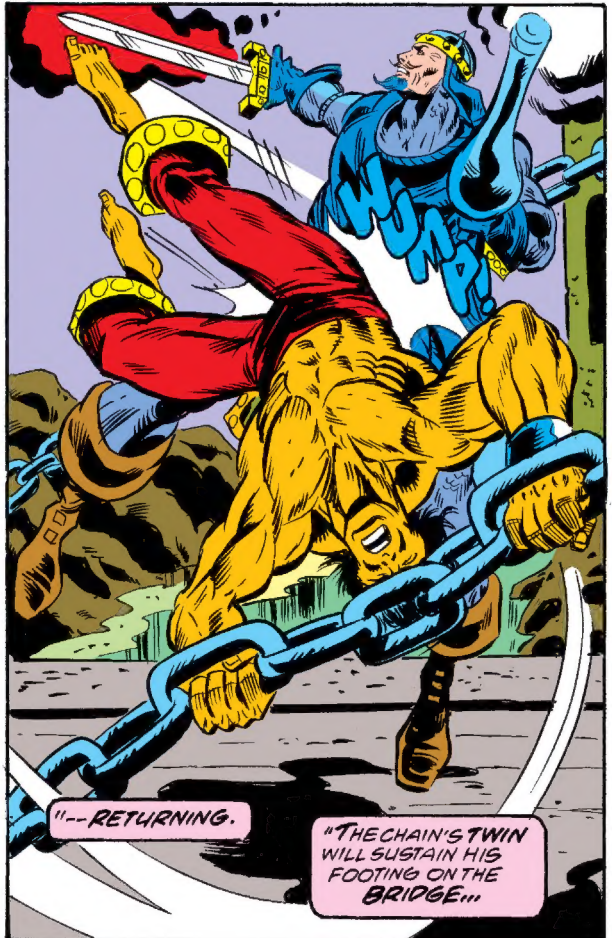
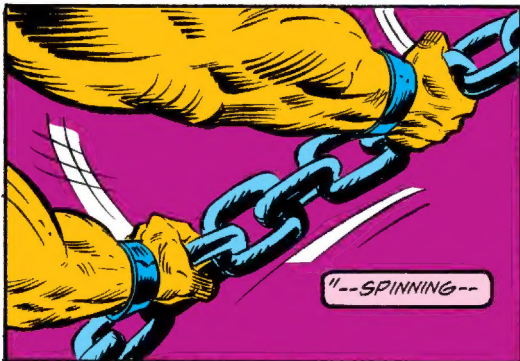
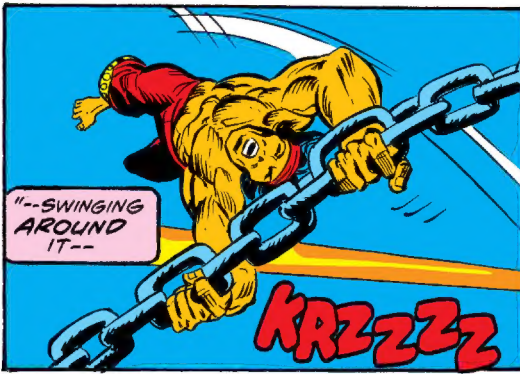
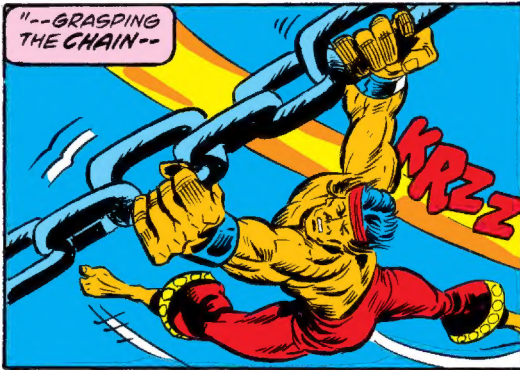
"...UNTIL IT SPANS THE BORDER OF WATER."

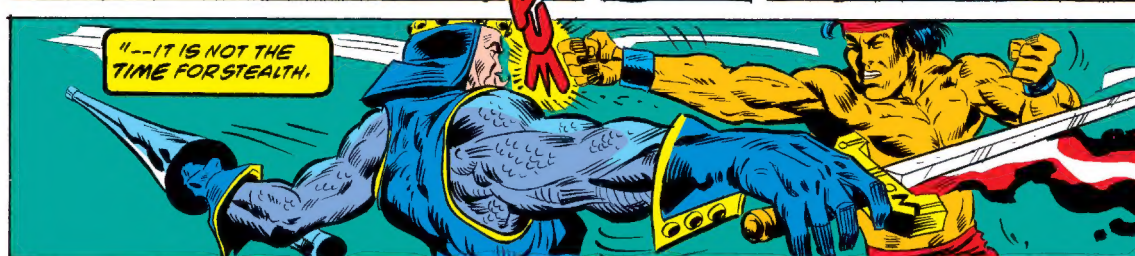
NO MATTER! DRAGON OR MORTAL-- NONE SHALL ENTER THE CASTLE OF SAINT GEORGE!

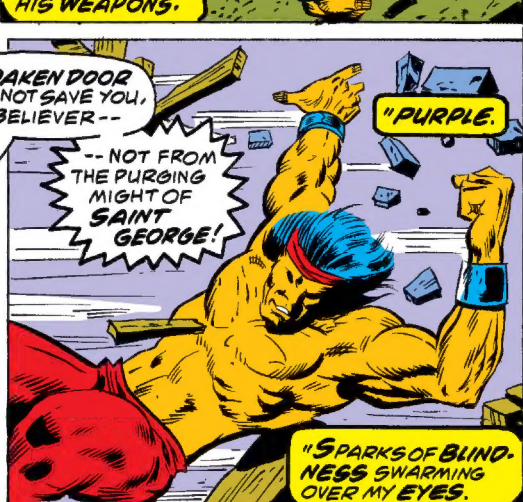


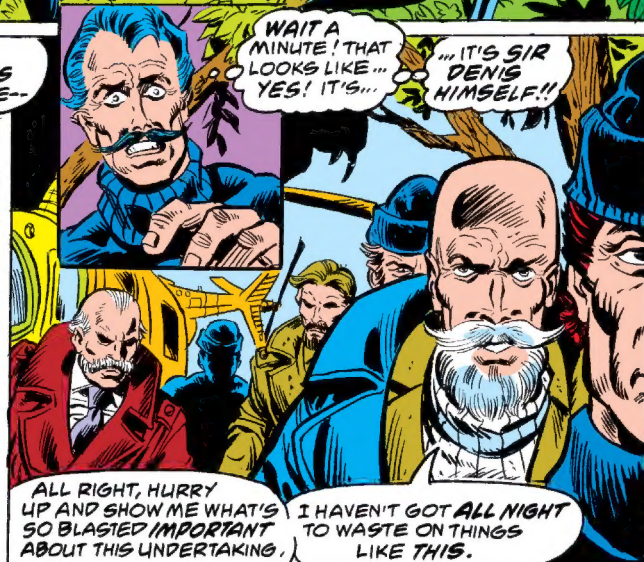
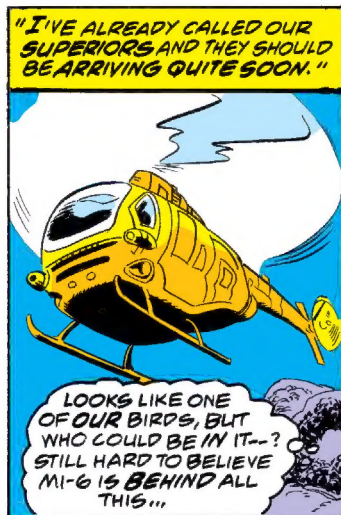
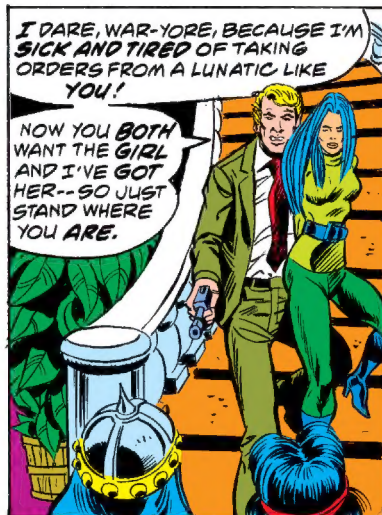
DO YOU HEAR ME, DRAGON ? COME--TRY TO ENTER!!

"I WILL... FROM BEHIND THE MADMAN'S NEW MASK.









**NEXT
ISSUE** ALL THE FURY AND FAST-PACED ACTION OF A BLOCKBUSTER--AS THE SAGA
OF WAR-YORE CONCLUDES IN...
FINAL FACES!